THE FIGHT IN MOBILE BAY.

Consderate lEfforts to Equip a Naval

J. 1 Eggleston in Charleston Weekly News. Mritime nations wield a power out of all roportion to their population and tion of "camels" was begun. These were geographical limits as compared with non-naritime States. Holland, with the sea oes to her fleets, triumphed, after a wears forty years, over the great mili-weeks in building. They were intended tary power of Spain. Napoleon, with tary power of Spain. Napoleon, with Contrental Europe enlisted under his bankr, succumbed at last to the power of th Mistress of the Seas. Against the unajed military power of the North we migh have triumphed in the late war, but gainst her maritime power the con-

test n our part was hopeless from the begining.

Anies may be improvised, but navies are te slow growth of time. National enthsiasm or the enforcement of conscrip laws may bring the former suddenlyinto existence, but no edict of a Government can at once convert into navis the raw material of the forests and te mines. Yet that was the task. for th non-performance of which Secretary fallory was so soundly and persist-ently abused by our own people. To be are the failure to accomplish it meanthe failure of our cause, but none the las Mr. Mallory and his subordi-nates nerit praise for what they did do rather than censure for what they did

The question of questions with us was to meet the enemy on the sea as well as the land, and break the blockade that held us as with a band of iron. At all apparently fessible points in our control we made streubous efforts to accomplish such a result, jut all in vain.

A MOSTUITO EQUADRON When Admral Buchanan took command at Mobie the so-called naval force there consists of four vessels, viz: The side-wheel stephers Gaines and Morgan, mounting each six 32-pounders; the Selma, a former bay boat, mounting five guns of the same calibre, and the Baltic, (a nondescript oncern, with a shield covered with raroad iron forward of her wheelbouses, mounting four guns. Properly speaking they were a collec-tion of man-trap rather than men-of-

HOW THEY YERE EMPLOYED.

While Fort Magan remained in our possession there was little or nothing for these vessels to do uccept to keep a look-out for fishing buts and other small craft seeking to communicate with the enemy's blockading fleet, or to carry on a smuggling trade with New Orleans. Certainly that was no the sort of service Certainly that was not the sort of service that the officers of these vessels would have preferred, but it was such as they were called upon to perform, and they did it cheerfully. The time came, however, when work of a cry different sort presented itself, and that was when Farragut's fleet ran into Mobile Bay past the guns of Fort Morgan

FOUR IRONCADS.

The construction of four ironclads was begun on the Alabama River in the year 1862 and 1863, and when partly finished they were towed to Mobile, to be completed there. Thise of the ves-sels were propellers, built somewhat on the model of the Merrimic, but, so far as their shields were concrued, with a modification that was an improvement on the latter. This was the addition of a "knuckle," that was meant to protect the vessel against the assault of another ceive an irouclad shield with a "knuckle" would resemble the section of a common an angle of 45° would represent a sec-tion of the shield. In the completed ironclad the line of junction of the shield with the hull was some two feet below the water-line, and presented an iron edge all round the vessel, making her essentially a defensive, if not an offen-

sive, ram at every point. for so the smaller propellers wer nemed—would have been very formida-ble little vessels if they had had suffi-cient motive power; for their shields were capable of resisting a heavy bomoardment, and the guns they mounted were formidable for that period, being Brooke rifles of 6 inch and 7 inch diameter of bore—each vessel mounting a 7 inch rifle forward and a 6 inch on each Monitor, in the famous escounter Hampton Roads, had been armed 7 inch rifles, her opponent would have been forced to surrender. But the vital defect in these vessels, and one which we could not overcome, was their want of motive power. There were so machine shops in the Confederate Star's capable of turning out a marine engine, and for the vessels that we built we were forced to patch up such engines as were already in the country. Those in the Huntaville and Tuscaloosa had been used in any mills, and the utmost speed of those ves sels was not over five knots an hour.

Their accommodations were so con-structed and badly ventilated that the crews were quartered in cotton ware-houses near the wharves to which the vessels were moored. For that reason they were not stationed in the lower bay to be ready to aid in resisting the possible entrance of the enemy's fleet.

THE "TENNESSEE" was a vessel of far greater pretension than those just mentioned, but not near so formidable as Federal accounts might lead one to suppose. At the same time she was, save in the very important matter of motive power, the superior of the Merrimac, for she was clad with two layers of two-inch iron plates, instead of with one only, as in the case of the last only eight guns to the Merrimso's ten, her's were rifles, with a penetrating power greatly in excess of the smooth-bore Dahlgren guns that were used by both sides in the Hampton Roads bat-

Of the eight guns of the Tennessee tw were 7 lack rifles pointing over bow and stern respectively, and the others were 6 inch rifles mounted on the broadsides Another improvement over the Merri mac was that the iron port-lids of the Tennessee could be closed while the guns were run in to be loaded. In the middle of the lid was a hole through which the end of the rammer could be passed.

When the Merrimac returned to Nor folk after the Monitor had escaped out of reach of her guns, one of the first things done was to change the lead of the rudder chains. They were taken under the deck of the fantail, instead of being left on top of it exposed to the etemy's fire. This chellengle common sense. change was made at the suggestion of Lieut. Wood.

But the chief constructor of the Tennessee, who had been employed in a subordinate capacity in the conversion of the Merrimac into an ironclad, serpetuated lin the first usmed vessel the absord error made in the latter. The exped rudder chains of the Merrimac excused by a missel that the merrimac excused by a missel that esciped by a miracle that was not repeated in the case of the Transessee.

admit of her passage over Dog River Bar, six miles below the City of Mobile, consequently it was necessary to devise some method of lifting her over. As she approached completion the construcfour in number, and they were three letting water into them. Once in posi-tion the water was to be pumped out, when the "camels" would rise and lift the vessel.

They were nearly ready to be launched when one night they were set on fire, doubtless by Union sympathizers, and reduced to ashes. Nothing remained but to begin the building of new ones, and this was done at once, with a cordon of sentring account the second that the sentring account to the sentring account the sentrin of sentries around the spot. In due course of time the now "camels" were completed, and by means of them the Tennessee was lifted over Dog River Bar and proceeded to the lower bay, whence she was destined never to return.

The sidewheel steamer alluded to above was named the Nashville. She clad shield forward of the wheelhouses and as a ram she might have done some damage to Farragut's fleet had she been ready in time. She was taking on board her armament of rifled cannon the very morning that the enemy's vessels passed

A NECESSARY CHANGE OF PROGRAMME. It had been Buchanan's intention to go out in the Tennessee and endeavor to raise the blockade of Mobile. About the 1st of August he had determined to make the attempt on the following morning, and the little squadron was ordered to be in readiness for the under taking. But when at dawn we looked out seaward we saw that the blockading perhaps, by a torpedo. fleet had been heavily reinforced during the night, and the plan of attacking them was abandoned as no longer feasible. This reinforcement of the enemy was

A FEW WORDS CONCERNING FARAGUT may not be out of place here. The qualities that go to make up a brilliant naval commander of Farragut's calibre-and, I may add, of Buchannan's, for they were products of the same school and closely resembled one another—are much the same that are needed in a calvary officer-the qualities of a Rupert, a Murat, a Jeb Stuart.

rat, a Jeb Stuart.

Farragut possessed these qualities in a pre-eminent degree, but the claim put forth by our Northern friends, that his exploits mark him as the greatest naval commander that ever lived is preposterous. In saying so I am governed wholly by what he did, not by what he might have done; for, although I had on more than one occasion before the war listened to his conversation, I do not pretend to a special knowledge of the latent possi-bilities that were in him. He had at his command a new factor in naval warfare -steam power; and, while he made good use of it in running past land batteries, that was no more than dozens of others, Federals and Confederates, did during the war, and he was not the pioneer in such undertakings.

STRAMERS RUNNING PAST LAND BAT TERIES.

During the siege of Sebastopol a Rus sian dispatch steamer was in the habit of making almost daily trips past the

The Confederate States steamers Patmeat dish. A pencil placed with one rick Henry, Jamestown and Teazer ran end on the edge of the dish and held at by the Federal batteries at Newport es, and, although one of them receive ed a shot through her steam dome, she managed still to keep on.

Federal gunboats never hesitated to run by our batteries on the Mississippi its tributaries-even transport laden with troops passing with impunity such fortifications as were at Vicksburg. Similar exploits were performed almost daily by blockade runners outer-

ing or leaving our ports. Perhaps the most noted of these was Confederate States steamer Florida Half of his crew being stricken down at sea with yellow fever, he determined to get within reach of medical aid, and get within reach of medical and, and steered straight for Mobile, the nearest Confederate port. In broad daylight the Florida was sighted by the blockading fleet steering directly for the entrance to Mobile Bay. Maffitt had sent below all of his crew except the few that were needed to handle the ship. In vain the Federal vessels emptied their broadsides in the effort to stop the daring Confederate. Several projectiles struck her among them an 11 ipch shell, which fortunately did not explode, but she kept straight on, and anchored in due time under the guns of Fort Morgan.

To plump with a cannon ball a ship

passing rapidly, and perhaps a mile away, is like shooting a bird on the wing with a pistol. The bird, too, is apt to fall if hit once, but the ship might be struck a hundred times over and still

t ep on.
It cannot, therefore, be conceded that a naval commander whose reputation rests wholly on his success in running past shore batteries, whether in a single steamer or attended by many, has any claim to a place by the side of Nelson The latter won his victories by combina tions like those made by Napoleon or land. He beat the enemy in detail-doubling on one end of his line and leaving the other either to look idly on or run. And he always knew when and how to make such combinations.

Doubtless history will right all such matters in the course of time.

A "MOCK MONITOR" WITH A MORAL. Apropos of this subject is an account in a late number of the Philadelphia Times, of incidents at the siege of Vicks-burg, in which the writer tells of a prac-tical joke perpetrated by Admiral Parjoke perpetrated by Admiral ter. He ordered a "mock monitor" to decked over, with a lot of empty pork barrols set up to simulate turrets and smokestacks, mud farnaces to generate black smoke, and some old cances for quarter boats." Well, the "mock moni-

tor" having been let loose in the stream actually drifted past the Confederat batteries without the loss of a single pork barrel! Not that he efforts were made to destroy her, for the writer in the Times declares that she drew a fire

among naval commanders that rests haw, haw. Doctor fin's obsteckles in wholly in performances like that of the de way when he comes er foolin' 'roun' necessing question, and with steam power, my 'amily." instead of the current, to hurry the ves-

FARRAGUT PASSES FORT MORGAN. Every naval officer at Mobile and many

who were not naval officers knew perfect-The draft of the Tennessee did not ly well that Farragut's fleet would run past Fort Morgan whenever the officer commanding it saw proper to do so. What we were puzzled about was in regard to the time that it would be done. We could see that the fleet outside had been heavily reinforced, but we thought that possibly it was on account of the presence of the Tennessee in the lower bay. Still we were not surprised when on the morning of the 5th day of August, 1864, we saw the Federal fleet moving in double line straight for the chan-nel. It was a magnificent sight, but by no means a pleasant one to the Confed-erates stationed at the land batteries and on board the Tennessee and her frail

wooden tenders.

The advancing fleet numbered eighteen vessels in all, fourteen of which were wooden ships of war, not man traps like our own, and four monitors.
Two of these monitors, the Tecumseh

and the Manhattan, were far more powerful vessels than their predecessor of Hampton Roads' fame, for each carried two 15-inch guns instead of 11-inch guns like the old Monitor. The other two monitors were double turreted mounted 11-inch guns.

The enemy's wooden vessels were lashed together in pairs, so that if one should happen to be sunk the crew might be rescued by her consort. They came steadily on, answering with their thundering broadsides the fire from our land batteries and vessels. If only they could be made to stop and fight it out, the old adage that "one gun ashore is worth ten affoat," would still be made to hold good. But that, very properly, is no part of Farragut's programme, and the Federal

Suddenly shouts of triumph are heard from our water batteries. There are only three monitors where a moment ago there were four! One of them has suddenly disappeared beneath the waves. Sunk,

The monitors were steaming in advance of the enemy's wooden vessels and near-er than the latter to the Confederate batteries. The sinking of the monitor was preparatory to Farragut's much vaunted followed by a pause in the advancing exploit of running past the guns of Fort fleet, the pair of vessels in the lead, which, we afterwards, learned, were the Brooklyn and the Octarora, stopping to

Then it was that Farragut displayed the impetuous bravery characteristic of him. His flag-ship, the Hartford, with the Metacomet, commanded by the gal-lant Jouett, lashed to her side, was the second in the line, and they dashed on past the halting Brooklyn, and were soon

out of reach of our fire.

The Tennessee made for the Hartford. with the hope of ramming her, but the latter had the heels of us. Want of motive power was the great defect in the Tennessee. The Hartford being safely in the bay, we gave our attention to the rest of the fleet that were now rapidly following the lead of their Admiral beyond the reach of our shore batteries. Owing to their vastiy superior speed, they eluded all our efforts to ram them, and got safely in.

OUR WOODEN GUNBOATS.

The Selma, Capt. Murphy, had gallantly taken position ahead of the Hartford and Metacomet, and kept up a raking fire on them during their advance up the bay, but finally, she was compelled to trust to her heels for safety, and even then she trusted in vain. The Metacomet soon overhauled her and forced her to surrender. The last shell fired at the Selma struck down Lieut. Comstock, the brave young officer who commanded her broadside guns. A fragment of the shell tore away his breast. "Stand to your guns, men!" were the words that he barely had time to utter ere he fell for-

Capt. Bennett in the Gaines had fought his ship until she was on the point of sinking under his feet. Then caped with his crew in the ship's boats

"INTO THE JAWS OF DEATH." The enemy's fleet were now anchored perhaps a couple of miles ap the Bay, while the Tennessee lay at anchor off

Fort Morgan. What was to be done with her?

As a regiment is to an army corps, so was the Tennessec to the fleet that had just entered Mobile Bay. Ninety-nine men out of a hundred would, in Buchanan's place, have de-cided that the ship should remain where

she was and share the fate of Fort Mor-Not so with him. All retreet had been cut off for the Tennessee. She was like a man doomed to die, and the brave old Admiral determined to sell her life at

the highest possible price.

The Tennessee got under way and steamed directly towards the great hos-tile fleet. Like the charge of the Light Brigade, "it was not war, but a specta-cle." There was speedy signalling from the enemy's flag ship, followed by the slipping of cables and the movement of the whole fleet lowards us. Two of their heaviest vessels, running nearly at full speed, one after the other struck us amidships with their from prows. The "knuckle" saves us and we keep on our course, heading directly for the Hartford and sainting her with our bow gun as we neared her. She two was making straight for us the two old Admirals were coming to cle e quarters truly !-but just in time the Hartford very properly sheered clear of us. As the two one another, close aboard,

delivered a broadside. We tried to return the compliment, but two of our three guawnissed fire.

By this time the whole fleet were tumbling in upon us, freely using their prows and their great guns. Against the former the knuckle still protected us, but the letter seen reduced the Toronse. the latter soon reduced the Tennessee to a helpless wreck. The rudder chains were gone, the armor had been crushed in by the 15-inch shells of the enemy's monitor, and the gallant old Admiral lay wounded by the fragment of a shell. Nothing remained but to surrender, and that we might honorably have done to a force so vastly superior without firing a

a woman, addressing a colored gentleman of prominence, "I'se got some mighty bad news fer yer."

. A paste of equal parts of sifted Faith, the inspirer, and Christianity, the ashes, clay and salt and a little water conductor. Minus these appears mecements cracks in stoves and ovens.

STATUE TO JOHN C. CALHOUN. Complete Description of this Work of Art.

The European correspondent of the Baltimore Sun, writing from Rome, un-der date of December 1, says:

in the studio of Mr. Albert E. Harnisch of Philadelphia. I found him mounted up on high in a sculptor's scaffold, carefully working out the details of the colossal model statue of John C. Calhoun. This model is in "moulder's clny," and is fifteen feet high and on a studio dais of some twenty more feet high. Thus Mr. Harnisch, away up aloft, looked like the little cherub old Dibden used to

I mention this fact of Mr. Harnisch's personal work on every detail, for in many cases the artist only imparts those inspired little touches which are mysteriously called "finishers," leaving the bulk of the work to the "sludio ghost." This conscientiousness of the young Philadelphian in his art work is highly creditable alike to himself and his mas-terly productions. This statue model of the great Calhoun is, indeed, animated clay. I can remember seeing Calhoun when I was in the spring and he in the winter of life. Indeed, I sat opposite him at the dinner table for many a day, when the boarding house of Mis. Washington, on F street, in the "city of magnificent distances," was the home of many "men of the time."

In this colossal model I again see the great "nullifier." He is here, perhaps, made to appear rather in the mid-summer than in the winter of life. The prime of age is the happy mean for the artist. There is none of that shaggy ong hair thrown back fitfully; none of that lion-like crouching that marked the declining days of the hero of the Palmetto forest. He now stands erect in that pose which gave him the greatest prominence in the United States Senate and caused every eye and every ear to be directed to the Southern orator.

His head erect and well posed, on a

ithe, nervous yet firm frame; his deepset, stern eves, beneath a massive brow his pulsating nostrils and his compressed, rigid lips, with the well-defined lines of

type, are all before you in this model.

The nervous right hand and arm are half extended; the former being one of those "great yet not large hands that speak," and which Sir Arthur Helps has so well described in his charming book of "Friends in Council." The left foot is advanced and gives to the figure that s advanced, and gives to the figure that light livingness of senatorial grace," as Cicero would say.
Indian like, John C. Calhoun inclined

to walk somewhat with his toes inwards han outwards. Southern people all over the world do so, in contradis inction to Northern people. I assume the dolce far niente of Southern life superinduces this, and I remember Daniel Webster to have said that "commercial men, me-chanics, tailors and dancing mesters toed outwards." Our notions of physical de-portment do not comport with this idea nowadays. I think I have read of St. Paul being in-toed, and also that Cicero was like "one who had trod the Indians' path." This pose in the Calhoun model of Mr. Harnisch is agreeable to the eye, and adds to the motion of "speaking to by this art-work of the real and the beau-ideal Senator. Standing in front of his senatorial chair, on which is flung the cloak he was wont to wear, you have before you the great formulator of "State's sovereignty" in all his earnest, breathing,

will be semi-circular with I almotto trees superficial compartments usually pro-

luced by facade pillars. At the base of this rostra will be seatcaped with his crew in the ship's boats.

The Morgan had not received a scratch and there was talk of a court martial, but probably the crewding of great events towards the close of the war presents.

Approaching this and the groud are four large granite steps that form an en-circling main base to the whole monument. This monument will make an im-Charleston, and will, altogether, be fully forty-five feet high. As a work of art it will be unique, not only in its vitality of the chief figure and the repose of the

econdary figures, but in the ornate and appropriate eusemble.
Mr. Harnisch can afford to rest his reputation on this work, and South Carolina can equally afford to be proud of the good taste in the selection of this artist or this work. It would be premature to say just now when South Carolina may expect to wolcome this enduring tribute of bronze and granite to one who was, facile princeps, the true metal of manly statesmanship and the true rock of pure

Permit me to briefly speak of the im-pression a work of art of this kind con-veys. Like a true literary composition of contemporary persons and manners, there is no free play of idealism or the forced whimsof imagination in this work. It is simply true and truly simple. The spirit of Calhoun comes up before you as well as the outer man. You breathe "Southern rights," and you feel the cav-Taine describes when he says a language, than an abstract thing. The complete thing is the man who acts, the man, corporal and visible, who eats, walks, fights, labors. Leave on one side the theory and the mechanism of constitutions, re-ligion and their systems, and try to see men in their senates, in their work shops, in their offices in their fields, with the sky and earth, their houses, their dreas, cultivation, meals, as you do when, landing in England, or in Italy, you remark faces and motions, roads and inns, a citizen taking his salk a young dialrics. izen taking bis walk, a woman drinking. Our great care should be to supply, as much as possible, in memorial or tributeart of to-day, or contemporary individual literature, the want of the present, personal direct and sensible which we can no longer practice, for it is the only means of knowing the man. Let us make the past present. To do this in sculpture is more difficult than in painting, and more difficult in both than facings of the frock coat; the close-fit-ting yet semi-neglige pantalc strapped over the boots, that were mails of the corporal man. Behind and within these is the man himself; and in all these externals we see the avenues converging to great centre. That centre is the soulness, if I may use the term, that marks the individuality, the one of a strong, original, true and courageous man clay, the artist's color, the draughtman's lines and the author's paragraphs. Hu man sentiment then springs up from the model. Moral dispositions then speaks to you from the easel. Then true art is

accompanied by her true handmaids-

ARP'S EXCURSION.

He Pays a Visit to the Palmetto State. Atlanta Constitution.

A man can't keep down his memories,

and I don't think he ought to. There is an old maxim which says "forgive and Well, it can't be did, that's all. A sanctified man or a good hearted man can forgive, but a memory has nothing to do with our hearts or our wills. Memory is a sort of independent contrivance and shine and smiles of the loved ones at has ways of its own. Memory speaks to us in spite of ourselves and says now stop and think and we stop. I was ru-minating about this on my trip to South Carolina. I looked at the pleasant homes and thriving villages along the line from Augusta to Columbia and memory took me away back to revolutionary times when Marion and Sumter and Fickens and their company to the control of the company to the control of the company that the company the control of the company that the company and their compatricts were fighting for a principle and how they lived on potatoes, and went barefooted, and made every sacrifice to help out them fellers in Boston who threw that tea overboard. I thought about the battles of the Cowpens, and King's mountain, and about old Cornwallis, and then those glorious names came up in my mind, such as Pinckney and Hayne and Lowndes and Cheeves and Calhoun and Butler and Huger, and a host of others who have illustrated, and whose descendants still illustrate, that noble State. And mem-ory came along down to later days, when e vandals came with fire and sword and desolated the land and put an iron heel upon her people, and how they en-dured their humiliation and in silence began to repair their shattered fortunes and rebuild their homes, and how those noble women did not forget their patriot-ism smidst all this wreck, but gathered around the tombs of Washington as children gather around a parent's grave, and went to work to repair it, and adorn it, and preserve it from those very vandals who had forgotten that there was a Mount Vernon upon the bank of the Potomac. I thought of all this, and much more. and I wondered if the north, the mighty north, had lost all respect for valor and devotion and the love of country, which Carolina had manifested eve I thought about the kuklux trials that the prejudiced power of an administration that prefers our hate to our love and respect. A power that stocks the juries like a gambler stocks his cards and excludes every men whom they even sus-pect of being a patriot, a democrat, or a

gentleman.

I have been raised to think that those their subjects and make them love the government, but for twenty years these rulers have put on their most winning ways to make us hate them and hate the government we live under.

The good ladies of Columbia wrote to

me about Mt. Vernon, and wanted my help and so I went. Year after year they work and beg and continue to raise a fund for that purpose, and they succeed in spite of poverty or oppression. The letter said, now Mr. Arp, your good old State has recently sent a man over here to abuse us, and we want her to send an other to amuse us and keep us in good humor and make us all calm and serene and balance the account between Georgia and Carolina. I have a filial reverence for the old palmetto for my good mother was born upon her soil and I had rever-ence for those noble women and noble men and I have thought that if our republican government should ever be come a monarchy and wanted material for knights and earls, and lords and barons it could be found in Carolina. But if General Grant was the king I don't think he would have hunted for it much in that direction, nor any other hardly outside of his kindred. South Carolina is still under the ban but she don't care. Her people are proud and ask no favors. They have long since learned how to suffer and be strong. They have seen the bottom of the cup and drank its dregs and now they are on rising ground. Columbia is built up again and abounds as in beautiful homes the land—a sociable, dignified and hospitable people who scorn meanness and hypocricy in all its forms. Talk about your Vanderbilt balls, and suppers and twenty thousand dollars worth of flower and a million dollars in diamonds and glittering gems, and when one of these fine costumes come along with a woman in it the old fellow points her out and says, "ain't she a snorter." When I read that account I couldn't help but think about the gathering I witnessed and attended the other night in Columbia, where there were governors, and judges, and ministers, and senators, and representatives, and not in all the circle worshiper of mammon or a man or woman who was not a patriot and a Christian. To mingle with such people in social intercourse elevates and refine man, but what avails it to go to Vanderbilt's ball—what moral lesson does i teach to the rising generation!

Columbia is fast recovering her former beauty as a city and her trade as a me tropolis. The legislature is in session and the Supreme Court and the Federal Court, and notable men from all perts of the State are there. I did not attend the Federal Court for I dident want to see that prosecution and persecution going on. I thought of Ireland in the days of Philips, and Curran, and Grattan and when public informers were paid and bribed to betray and hireling prose-cutors were sent from abroad backed with bayoness to browbeat and convict. I naw that the legislature had appropriate three quarters of a million for the current year and when I inquired what all that money was for they told me that half of it was to pay the interest on the public debt-a debt created mainly by radical rule and radical stealage. rule and radical stealage. I saw spit-toons that cost two dollars and a half that are worth about 50 cents and there were mirrors that cost \$1,500 a piece and everything else paid for in proportion just to put Ligmoney in sombody's pocket. I tell you those radicals feathered their I tell you those radicals feathered their nests while they had the power and they had it a good while and left a load of debt and infamy behind them. But it is all changed now. The State is redeemed, regenerated and disenthralled and the people seem happy. "Oh," they say, "we will work out; we will pay that debt; we will do snything to get rid of them fellers, and keep rid of them." They talked most kindly of our people for the aid and comfort and sympathy for the aid and comfort and sympathy we gave them in 1876, and as for Generlove and admiration knew no bounds.

good time telling my wife and children all about my journey, and what a good time I had among those noble people and how I met old school mates and old er, and now I'm going to get Mrs. Arp off to Florida where she can renew her youth like the eagle, and just as soon as I get rich I'm going to buy her a winter ne down there with orange groves, and pine apples, and bapanas, and co coanuts, and lemons, and guava, and a summer home away up here among the mountains, and a railroad and palace cars

between the two and a free pass over the line and plenty of money at both ends of it. I think she would like that, and with a half dozen or a dozen of her numerous and lovely posterity to travel with her I think she would be happy. It is good for a man or a woman to leave home occasionally and be petted and muched up abroad among kindred and friends, and home. I like to go, but I love to return. God bless our homes and protect them from envy and discontent and from fire

and sword.

The Capabilities of Youth. BY REV. ROBERT H. WILLIAMS.

Great and good men have come up rom the most adverse circumstances

Luther, whose name is ringing through the Protestant world to day, came from an humble home. His father was a miner, and his mother was employed in hard, severe labor for the good of her

If Blackstone, the great expounder of the law, had followed his father's humble occupation, he would have remained in obscurity.
William Wirt, one of Maryland's greatest lawyers, had a very humble home, and was left without parents and

money at a very early age.

Thurlow Weed began to work when he was only eight years old. Blowing bellows in a blacksmith shop, waiting in a tavern, acting as a cabin boy, cutting wood and making the fire in a printingoffice, were some of the employments that occupied his attention before he had

for young men. The mother, who fol-lowed her boy with the inquiry when he was far away, "How do you spend the Sabbath?" "Do you read your Bible, Tom?" had it said of that boy, as Froude says of Carlyle. "The early impressions gotten at home can be traced through the whole of his writings." It is said of Sir Walter Scott that the

stories told by his grandfather and grandnother made him the writer he became President Nott, clad in the clother his mother from the time wool was taken from the back of the sheep until it covered the back of her son, was the pro-duct of a home where the best influences

When Dr. Archibald Alexander heard from the lips of his father that learning was to be his estate, it made a deer, and

asting impression upon him. Speaking of his father's intention to send him to college, Daniel Webster said: "The very idea thrilled my whole for his children, and if I would do all I could for myself, he would do all he

The man frequently enlarges upon what pleases him in youth. Sixty years of Sir Isaac Newton's life were employed in developing and elaborating what had passed through his mind before he was

Calvin's theological views had taken hape in his mind before he wrote his 'Institutes" at the age of twenty seven, and the rest of his life was employed in

developing and perfecting them.
It has been said of Macaullay: "What the was as a scholar of Trinity College, he was substantially as a peer of the realm.

The boy, W. E. Dodge, was interested in the work of missions, and more than fifty years of prayer and princely giving did not bring weariness in this noble work.

The Christian young man may become many times more useful than the young man of the world. Herlan Page, the carpenter, had no money and no social position to give him influence. But his simple, earnest piety is perpetual to this day in the life and work of Sabbath school teachers and ministers of the gos-

Christian, and became one of the most useful ministers that ever graduated from

Now because there are these great capabilities in the young, there is great encouragement to every one who is striv-ing to train them for usefulness. A trifle may strengthen the heart for endurance and earnestness in the most adverse circumstances.

A word may make home influence effective, may perfect a good work begun in youth, and increase the influence from ear to year through a long life.-Pres

Olling Wagon Wheels and Woodwork. Mr. Allen E. Smith reports to the Farmers' Review an experience in oiling wagon wheels and other woodwork: "I have a wagon of which, six years ago, the felloes shrunk so that the tires became loose. I gave it a good coat of hot oil, and every year since it has had a coat of oil or paint, sometimes both. The tires are tight yet and they have not been set for eight or nine years. Many farmers think that as soon as a wago felloes beging to shrink they must go at once to a blacksmith shop and get the tire set. Instead of doing that which is often a damage to the wheels, causing them to dish, if they will get some linseed oil and heat it boiling hot and give the felloes all the oil they can take, it will fill them up to their usual size are tighten to keep them from shrinking, and also to keep out the water. If you do not wish to go to the trouble of mixing paint you can heat the oil and tie a rag to a stick and swab them over as long as they will take oil. A brush is more con-venient to use, but a swab will answer if you do not wish to buy a brush. It is quite a saving of time and money to look after the woodwork of farm machinery. Alternate wetting and drying injures and causes the best wood soon to decay and lose its strength unless kept well painted. It pays to keep a little oil on hand to oil forkhandles, rakes, neck-yokes, whif-fletrees, and any of the small tools on the farm that are more or less exposed."

DELEVAN, W15., Sept. 24, 1878.
GENTS—I have taken not quite one bottle of the Hop Bitters. I was a feeble old man of 78 when I got it. To day I am as active and feel as well as I did at 30. I see a great many that need such a medicine. medicine. D. Boyor, - Never give a promise that you do not intend to fulfill: A CHAT ON CORNEL

Men Have Handsomer Feet than Wome and Less Trouble With Bunions.

"Tell me something about feet," said : Republican representative yesterday to a

eading shoe manufacturer of the dis "Well, to begin with, as charity hides a multitude of sins, so a well-made shoe covers very frequently a host of deformi-

ies and uglinesses." "How often?"
"About two-thirds of the feet that walk ver streets are more or less deformed

over streets are more or less deformed and crippled with corns, bunions, sunken arches, ingrowing nails, and other unsightly, unnatural features. It is as rare to find a handsome foot as a perfect hand—even rarer-for the foot has to bear the weight of the body, and the style of shoe generally worn is much more objectionable than that of the glove. Strange as it may appear at first lance, there are more men with well-haped, natural feet, than women." "What is the reason thereof?"

"I think it arises chiefly from the

excessive, but nearly always ignorant, solicitude mothers show about the feet of their daughters when the latter are young. The custom of buying ready made shoes, especially for children, is a fatal one to the beauty and the health of the feet. The average men and woman are as in-capable of picking out a proper ready-made shoe as they are of selecting a pair of spectacles suitable to the requirements of their eyes without calling in the aid of the occulist. For example, the shoe should be two sizes longer than the foot. A mother, buying a pair of shoes for her child, will have the child's foot incased that occupied his attention before he had in one of proper length, and then, feeling around the toe, will say "O, this shoe is entirely too long." Off goes the the most unpromising circumstances, and snoe, and the little one's tender feet are preseed in a pair no longer than the foot. The feet of a child grow rapidly, and any excessive pressure, even if the nerves do not complain, acts injuriously. Then the ready-made shoe, being built on a general measure, can not be adapted to the requirements of each individual foot except at the expense of the feet The except at the expense of the foot. There is great difference in the size of the same person's feet, one or the other being longer, broader, with higher instep, larger heel etc. The ready-made shoe is handy, is much cheaper than those made to order, but you can not fit your feet in them are more than the property of the same of th them any more than you can get a per-fect fit in ready-made clothes—not so well, even, for all the prominent readymade clothing houses have special tail ors whose business it is to adapt the garments to the peculiarities of the purchaser. But a shoe once made can not be tinkered until it is so far worn out as to need reconstruction."
"Which foot is the larger, generally;

right or left?"
"Generally the right, in two out of three cases. But a third part of men and women have the left foot larger and same man's feet is sometimes very great, I have made shoes for persons whose left could for myself, he would do all he could for me. I remember that I was quite overcome, and my head grew dizzy. The thing appeared so high, and the expense and sacrifice it was to cost my father so great, I could only press his hand and shed tears. Excellent parent! I cannot think of him now without turning child again."

It was under the influence of a Christian home that Dr. Bushnell declared, even in boyhood, that he felt that he was a power in the world.

The man frequently enlarges upon is the world was an interest and positive injury to the stituted do wear them, suffering misery and spoiling their feet all the while."

"What is the average size of the roos worn by men?"

worn by men?" "From 7 to 8. Tens are not uncommon, and even larger. No. 5 for a man But a vast number of women wear shoes much larger than those numbers. And bave fitted ladies whose feet rivaled Cinderella's for smallness and shape. Not long since I made a pair of buttoned gaiters for a young lady, a resident of this city, whose feet, though not the smallest, were the most perfect I ever saw. The ablest sculptor that ever lived could not have chiseled out of marble a pair of more perfect feet."
"What was the size?"

"Ones !"
"Ones !" replied the reporter. Vsn't that a very small size?"

"Very small, not more than one grov." woman in 10,000 having so small a foot. But there are ladies whose feet are even smaller than that. I have never seen, however, so perfectly shaped a foot, and I have made shoes to order for twentythree years in this city."
"Who was the lady?" asked the repor

ter. "What is her name?"
"Ah I that I can not tell. It would be a breach of confidence between merchant and customer. I don't mind telling you, bureau of engraving and printing."
"Perhaps she is a dwarf, hence the smallness of her feet," suggested the re-

"No. she is of medium size, sleader decidedly pretty, with hazel eyes and brown hair. She is very unwise, howev-er, to wear buttoned galters. Nothing soon spoils the arch of the foot an beats down the instep, making the foot flat as buttoned gaiters. You observe," continued the shoe dealer, "that the flesh around the instep in unusually tender, and has but little support. The bones of the foot are not calculated to stand a continuous pressure such as a buttoned gaiter gives on top. Well, the effect of wearing them is to cause the flesh to spread out and flatten and the bones to yield, until finally a well-shaped, band-some foot is made ugly. A gaiter that laces up to the front, is bad, very bad for the feet, but not so objectionable as the buttoned. A shoe that laces up the side is far better, and, as ladies generally will not wear boots, is the best shoe to pre-serve the health and beauty of the foot."
"Why do you say 'boots?"
"Because boots are the only kind of

"Because boots are the only kind of foot covering that answers all requirements of health, comfort and good looks. A boot, well made—and, of course, I mean properly made, in all cases—braces up the foot and aulte, and rests the extremity instead of fatiguing. Such evils, as pointed toes and narrow soles, should never even be thought of, much less worn. But they are."

and will continue to do so. And hence they are always sinning and always repenting. Nature, however, has given one study what will make those kind parents remedy for corns and bunions, and the same agent will go far to the restoring of deformed feet to their original shape."

Journal of the study what will make those kind parents happy. And above all establish in your selves habits of promptness and puncta-deformed feet to their original shape."

Journal of the study what will make those kind parents happy. And above all establish in your selves habits of promptness and puncta-deformed feet to their original shape." formed feet to their original shape."
"Tell me that, by all means."

matter how badly his pedal extremities have been abused, if a man will soak his feet every night in hot water for about lifteen minutes, and use soap on thom freely, he will get cared of corns, etc.; a sunken loster will be restored, and the parts of the feet will assume their normal propertions. He must confine the

He Wants to Join the Band. young his a time in the life of every belong to a branch had been ambition to contented until had had been ambition to a brass horn. A boy fair and sees a band, hired from fair and sees a band, hired from the bearing town, and each member of the

baring town, and each member of boring town, and each member of the boy. He sees the blue coats, with gold lace, the epaulets, the cap, with its nusical frontpiece, and the yellow stripe down the trousers, and he resolves to learn to play a thorn. He sees the grown collections are the control of the contr play a horn. He sees the crowd collect around the band-stand as the band plays a tune, and notices the snare drummer cock his hat on one side of his head and look at all the girls, and the young max is most inclined to learn to play the drum instead of the horn, as he argues that playing the drum gives one a better opportunity to look around; but when he reflects that it requires brain and wind to play a horn, he decides on a horn. And when the band is marched off to the dining-hall at the fair, and given a place at the head of the table, near the orator of the day, who has his oration in his pocket and is afraid he will lose it, and sees the crowd collect around the band, his mind is made up drum instead of the horn, as he argues

around the band, his mind is made up

more firmly than ever to play a horn.

He goes home and dreams of the band, and the next day he goes to work and sells a calf, or takes some of the money he earned harvesting, and buys a brass horn and a book of notes that he loes not know the name of. He has been to singing school, and can read singing notes but horn notes are too rich for his blood. He does not tell his family what blood. He does not tell his family what he has done, but smuggles his horn into the barn and when he has got the milking done, and fed the stock, he goes out to the barn and gets into the hay mow and feels of the keys. He finally musters up courage to blow gently into the horn, and he hears a noise that is cross hat some the squad of a pig course. between the squeal of a pig caught un-der a gate and the bellow of a cow that der a gate and the bellow of a cow that smells blood and paws the turf and looks sassy in the pasture. He blows gently until he has got so he can make a straight noise that does not split up the back and go out of the instrument both ways, and the folks in the house begin to hear it. Then he concludes that he will see her with the the sill see her with the second seed to the seed of the begin to near it. Then he concludes that he will see how much the instrument will stand, and he draws in his breath and blows for all that is out, and as the discordant "bla-a-t" goes out upon the stifling air of the hay mow, and he feels a sensation at the butt of the ears that makes him think a mule has kicked him, and he hears the horses down stairs kicking in the stalls, and the cows are lowing as though they had heard bad news, and the faithful dog that he has left out doors begins to how! as though there was going to be a death in

the family.

Then the beginner begins to realize that he is making a sensation, and he looks out of a crack in the barn towards the house and he sees his mother stand-ing on the porch with her apron over her ing on the porch with her apron over her head looking at the barn as though it was on fire, the hired man, who is pumping water, stops with the pump handle in the air, and he sees his father in his shirt sleevs pick up an ax handle and start for the barn, spitting on his hands and looking savage. He sees a neighbor who is driving by stop his team at the house and ask if there is anybody sick, and he realizes that it is impossible to keep his secret longer, and he comes seep his secret longer, and he comes down out of the hay mow with his brass horn under his arm, sheepish, and confesses to his outraged family that he is learning to play a horn so he can join the band. His father tells him he is a blasted fool, but his mother and his sister take his part, and argue that it will be a general's clothes in the band, and the matter is compromised by allowing him to practice on his horn out in the south lot, and for a week or two, at intervals, mournful sounds are heard from that direction, and then they suddenly cease, and when the father finally asks the boy how he is progressing as hornist, he tells his parent that he has traded off his hern for a fiddle or an accordeon, and explains by showing his upper lip, which is swell-ed up to twice its natural size, that he is not cut out for playing a wind instru-

That horn will be traded all over the neighborhood, and will finally be found in a garret, jammed out of shape, and the brass band never will have passed away. Among the greatest failures of the world there are none that are sadder than the failure of a boy to learn to play

The writer has been a boy on a farm and also has had boys of his own on the farm. We know how to appreciate a kind, thoughtful and faithful boy. So much trouble and anxiety can be saved to the parents who devote their lives and apprint for their children. So have an apprint of their shides. energies for their children. So long as you live at home, no matter how young or how old, never start on a journey, even if it takes you from home but a few hours, without telling at least some one of the family of your visit or absence. Never be absent from your meals, if it can possibly be avoided, unless the famithe possibly be avoided, these the lami-ly are expecting you will not return to the meal in time. And especially nevar-be away at night beyond the appointed hour, as your loving but weary mother may be aitting up through the weary hours of the night for your return. Lovhours of the night for your return. Lov-ing parents are always fearing some hing will happen you. By heedless absence, by late hours and by unsteady habits, which may not be immoral or sinful, you may be wearing cut the life and spirits of a parent faster than any ordinary toll. As an old man who has passed through nearly all of the viciesitudes of life, we would kindly urge boys who are full of would kindly drie boys who are full of life and spirits, to think of the little amerities of life, of courtesy, or confi-dence in your parents, and of strict fi-delity to your expected return to the household at suitable and seasonable hours. All of the trouble and anxiety of your parents for you are for your good, your prosperity, and for your successful march up to manhood and bonor. It is easy by carelessness and ner ject to make miserable and shorten the lives of those ever even be thought of, much less who love you most, and whom you can trust and confide in above all others.
"Yes, and will be. Men ought not to Then do not by inattention to your habget drunk; or, in fact, lead lives other its of punctuality in promptly returning than of the highest purity, but they do, to the household, and in advising them as far as possible, in going away, the probable hour of your return. Try to study what will make those kind parents

parts of the feet will assume their normal proportions. He wast continue the practice, sometimes for many manths but it is never falling. Of course, he work wast wear properly made spees all the will be received as the property made spees all the while."

"How is Johnnie's mamma during a sall, "Splendidly. He talks in the law in the practice, sometimes for many manths but it is never falling. Of course, he work many made spees all the while."

"How is Johnnie's mamma during a sall, "Splendidly. He talks in the law their property made spees all the law their French or German?" "Oh, Euglish and profuse."